

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Ron Richards' Shop Talk

YEOMAN of Signals J. Gilbert, you are taken on, chum. A picture of Susan Peters is in the post. Two tots please! Seriously, though, the picture is on the way, and the family picture is being organised. You do appreciate our difficulties with these stories, don't you? Rationed petrol and manpower shortage are reasons for some delay, and space has a lot to do with it.

Several of your suggestions have already been adopted; we are using four times as many family stories following hundreds of requests.

Some pictures of Surrey are coming up. Sorry if we have missed you before.

I hope, too, that you will be able to buy me a pint when you get home. That's a date, and anywhere you want to get around to will be on the programme. Can you send me a picture of your wog dog, by the way?

YOUR letter, too, calls for an explanation, P.O. L.T.O. Bill Bailey. You see, we have many hundreds of addresses in Lancashire and Cheshire, and we have just one correspondent in that vast area. So you see, chum, we can promise no more than your place on the waiting list.

Anyway, by this time I should think you must be fairly well up. I will make enquiries in any case. I hope this copy of the paper will ease things at home.

LIEUT. David S. Brown wrote to thank me for some pictures. He also requested a special pin-up of G.M.'s cat. Alf Wood did a large drawing, and the "Unrivalled's" captain says she is to be framed on the wine cabinet door.

Hope the cat brings you all very good luck sir.

WHERE have you been all war, Stoker Leslie Halliday? Didn't you see "Good Morning" Number 74? In that I told the whole story of the London theatre that never closed. Also we have used scores of Windmill pictures from time to time. Anyway, thanks for the suggestion, though I am afraid we can't give unlimited space to the dear old Windmill.

Glad you like the new serials. They do seem to be more popular now.

I BET you could go a pint, Lieut.-Commander Jack Hopkins. If it's any consolation to you, I still enjoy a Guinness or two at the Falstaff mid-day. It does seem a lifetime ago that we had a couple there, and I can imagine that the stuff you get now is pretty rough.

But although bad beer is a dreadful thought, black market prices, out of London, are shocking. But I guess the boys get around that some way.

Glad to hear your crew is enjoying the paper and that the Coxswain is able to distribute it in order. I quite understand why they haven't written very frequently. Although we are always asking for letters we do realise that when you come ashore you have other things to do. Anyway, quite a lot of letters arrive every week now.

Yes, thank God, it will be THIS year that you get back—I hope I will be there to greet you.

George Nixon, who now works for the "Daily Herald," has arrived back from France and I have given him your regards, which he reciprocates.

Thanks again for your letter. Best of luck to all you thorough chaps.

SO they pull a pretty pint at your local, do they, A.B. W. Leverage?



What the Jews Believe

THE Jewish religion is not only historically the "parent" of Christianity and Mohammedanism, but also the living faith of some 16,000,000 people. This is the number of Jews scattered in various parts of the world. In the last ten years the Jews of Europe have been persecuted on a great scale. But this has not been unprecedented.

Judaism came to maturity in captivity, and through the centuries its adherents have survived periodical persecution and segregation as no other creed has had to face over such a long time. This has, of course, profoundly affected their religion. It is barely seventy years since the last civil disabilities on Jews were removed in Britain, the most tolerant of countries.

In some European countries the disabilities have never been removed. Nevertheless, the century and a half of comparative tolerance has seen a great increase in the numbers of those professing the faith. It was only about 2,500,000 in 1800. In 1930 the U.S.A., Poland and the U.S.S.R. each

embraced converts to the worship of Jehovah or Yahweh. It would be impossible in a few paragraphs even to attempt to summarise the history and legends concerned with the birth and development of Judaism up to the time of Christ. In fact, it is largely unnecessary, for most of the story, as well as much of the law, is familiar to all Christians through reading the books of the Old Testament.

I hope it won't be too long before you get there again, and to your wife.

Yes, pal, we do get a lot of pleasure out of our work, and to hear from you chaps that our efforts are fairly well received is much more gratifying than the usual rewards.

On the whole we work harder than national newspaper men, but we have so much greater reward than do other journalists. That we are able to do something for you guys means a lot to all of us.

Glad your wife liked the photographs, by the way.

Ron Richards

had greater numbers than this. The Jews in Germany, where they have suffered most, numbered only about 500,000, or less than 1 per cent. of the population.

The word Jew is derived through Latin and Greek from the Hebrew Yehudi, meaning a descendant of Judah, the fourth son of Jacob (Israel), the son of Isaac and grandson of Abraham. As time passed the name came to have less racial and more religious significance, and

every country they lived during the many centuries of segregation and persecution—there was nothing approaching the Reformation in the Christian Church.

But in comparatively recent years the Hebrew Bible was translated into English by Jewish scholars for the use of some congregations in the United States.

In addition to the Torah, the Jews have the Talmud or "oral law." It consists essentially of commentaries by the Rabbis on the Torah (the Mishna), and further commentaries on the Torah and the Mishna (the Gemara). The Mishna is believed to have been compiled before the 3rd century A.D., and the Gemara before 500 A.D.

One writer has summarised it thus: Prose mingles with poetry, wit with wisdom, the good with the bad, and as one thing goes on to suggest another, it makes the Talmud a somewhat rambling compilation. It is scarcely a law-book or a work of divinity; it is almost an encyclopaedia in its scope, a store-house reproducing the knowledge and thought of the first few centuries of the Christian era.

Much of it is exceedingly obscure because of its great condensation, and even to Jews commentaries are necessary for understanding.

But there emerges a definite creed and code which has been summarised by Sir William van Hulse as follows: The sanctity of domestic life; the necessity of marriage; the permissibility of divorce in certain circumstances; the necessity of procreation and the duty of parents and children towards each other; the duties of social life; the duties of master and servant; the wickedness of usury; the necessity for peace and justice; the imitation of God; brotherly love; humility, honesty, forgiveness, temperance and kindness to animals.

There is much wisdom and insight in the book.

The development of Judaism was extremely complex. The most casual reading of the Old Testament, however, shows the indivisibility of religion and "ethics." The most detailed laws relating to hygiene, diet, clothing and the observance of the Sabbath were given.

But above all was the conflict between the one God of Judah and the many animistic gods and idols then worshipped. The God of the Jews was a "jealous God" and not tolerant of other gods, a unique feature of the times which had a profound effect.

Since their "cultural" liberation from the depths to which a thousand years of oppression had taken them, largely through the inspiration of Moses Mendelssohn in the 18th century, there have been changes in the composition of their prayer book and the economy of the Synagogue. Fundamentally the belief and the laws remain unchanged, but the interpretation of the Torah, and even the Talmud, has varied considerably.

There are Conservative Jews and Liberal Jews, and the

strictness with which, for instance, the Sabbath is observed, varies.

It is a curiosity that the most persecuted of religions should be extremely tolerant of other religions. Commentators explain the religious wars of the Old Testament as inspired by the revolting and unnatural crimes of those attacked rather than by their theology.

"The Jews do not hold it incumbent to organise a propaganda, nor to intrude their views on the consciences of others. The mission of the Jews, as imposed by their legislator, lay through their personal conduct and example."

The "fundamental difference between the faith of Jews and Christians is, of course, in the belief of the Divinity of Christ and the prophetic 'coming of the kingdom of heaven.' They regard Christ as a 'renowned teacher' and not the Messiah of the Hebrew Scriptures.

"It seems to the disciples of the Synagogue something like a moral paradox to assimilate the condition which the world has continued to exhibit with the glorious epoch prophesied by the seers of Judah, and it must be borne in mind that the Hebrew Bible speaks of one Messianic advent only, and not of two advents." The Jews look to the future for the realisation of the promises of the Messiah.

There is a very large literature on the Jewish faith. But it may be taken that all Jews believe in the worship of the One God, in the sanctity and immutability of the Torah, with Moses as the supreme law-giver, in the Resurrection and future life, and in the coming of a Messiah.

They believe in the benefits of prayer and fasting. There are a number of feasts and fasts, of which the most important are the New Year (Rosh Hashanah), followed by a fast and Day of Atonement (Yom Kippur). Other feasts are the Passover, Pentecost, Feast of the Tabernacles, and Purim.

The Jewish calendar is based on the moon, with the result that although the feasts and fasts recur regularly in their own calendar, the dates vary in the Julian calendar. The Jews hold that the world was created at the Autumnal Equinox in the year 3760 B.C., and Jewish chronology starts on October 7th, 3761 B.C., according to our calendar.

The Jewish day lasts from sunset to sunset.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



A happy moment after the marriage of C. E. R. A. Stewart, D.S.M., of H.M. Submarine "Upstart," at Wadsley Parish Church, Sheffield. His bride is a WREN.



JESSE EARNS A DRINK

By FRED KITCHEN

THERE isn't a pleasanter walk around the village than across the common at this time of year.

The grass is a perfect green just now, where later in the summer it turns a faded colour that is neither green nor brown.

The furze bushes, too, are a rich, deep green—soon to be turned into a blaze of gold. And the silver trunks of the little birch trees harmonise with the pale green of their leaves.

It is Jesse's favourite Sunday evening stroll—that is, when he can persuade Mrs. Jesse to "come along," she being a regular attendant at evening service in the village church.

Jesse, I am afraid, is not so keen at sitting "upright" in a pew, and, if the truth be told, prefers to sit "recumbent" on the settle of The Plough.

For which reason Mrs. Jesse sometimes breaks her Sunday evening practice and accompanies Jesse across the common to save him from worse practices.

Blackbirds and thrushes have now brought off their broods, but the smaller birds are in the thick of it.

And it wasn't long before Jesse was prying amongst the bushes like a schoolboy—to the annoyance of his partner, whose idea of a Sunday evening stroll is more formal than is Jesse's.

The common seems to be the favourite haunt of "buntings," or "yellow-hammers," and nearly every furze bush was alive with them—either busy nesting, or singing their plaintive little ditty... "A little bit of bread and no-o cheese!"

The sameness of their singing might get monotonous were it not for the lively chaffinches joining in from the birches with a livelier tune.

But the two songs together seem to fit in with the waste land of furze bush and silver birch.

And Jesse—who has known the common since he first learned to walk—thinks that the thin, plaintive note of the yellow-hammer fits perfectly with its surroundings.

It was a male yellow-hammer that attracted Jesse's attention this Sunday evening.

Instead of chanting its usual refrain, it hopped and scolded at some unseen interference inside the bush.

So, after watching its antics for a minute or so, Jesse, followed by his partner, went to investigate.

They could see nothing unusual at first glance—a nest of grass and moss, with the yellowish-brown back of the hen pressing close down in the nest.

Not until they had stared a full minute did the greenish-grey and the black rings of the grass-snake separate from the sameness of the surrounding colours.

That was the reason for the alarm of the male, and for the female sitting so low and still in her nest.

There was something evil in the cold, merciless stare of the grass-snake. Its lidless eyes were fixed menacingly on the frightened yellow-hammer—which was just petrified with terror.

It was too much for Jesse. Though grass-snakes are non-poisonous, he wasn't having his feathered friends terrorised by the evil-looking reptile, and he gave it a sharp poke with his stick.

It glided swiftly away

amongst the grass and bracken, and Jesse picked up the bird, thinking that it was dead with fright.

For quite a while it lay in his hand—having lost all power to move. Then, little by little, its eyelids began to work, its beak opened and shut once, and it fluttered weakly to the ground.

Jesse's concern was that it might forsake its four speckled eggs, for that the snake might return to make a feast of them—and not until they had reached the village did his feelings get back to normal.

They were passing The Plough when Jesse saw the crown of Jim Oggle's hat showing over the curtain of the "tap" window.

He paused, as though it were a strange bird he was looking at; and Mrs. Jesse, smiling, said:

"Thou'rt a graceless old wretch, Jesse," before leaving him—"to put the kettle on."

Somehow, she knows that a man who is concerned about the fate of a yellow-hammer on the common isn't absolutely wanting in grace.

VERSATILE VICARS

WHEN the Rev. Richard Goodwin opened a pub of his own recently, many folk were startled. Yet the "reverent publican"—a clergyman of the Church of England for 21 years—sells good beer in his pleasant inn alongside the flowing Teme.

Parsons are often ready to do other jobs as well as their own. The Rev. Julius Lawson, of All Souls', Clapton, for instance, has had his songs broadcast and published and has written over a hundred hummable ditties.

The Rev. John Palmer, too, rallied his parish not long ago by writing a rival to the Lambeth Walk, a dance suitable for the parish of St. Katherine's, Rotherhithe, called the Rotherhithe Roll. Recently, the Rev. F. E. Jones, a North London vicar, won a new reputation with his boys' club by taking an absent heavy-weight's place at a military boxing tournament and lasting out six rounds against a champ.

The Rev. T. Pittaway, Rector of Rodden, Somerset, occasionally composes ditties about "The Man in the Moon" and "No One to Spoon."

The Rev. George Prickett, who resigned from his job because he could no longer preach owing to throat trouble, now works as signalman, wearing a clerical collar with a pullover, on the main Buxton-Manchester line.

The Rev. Vincent Howson, Vicar of St. James's, Ratcliffe, has had his variety revues performed before the King and Queen.

It would seem difficult to beat the Rev. L. A. Ewart, of Earl's Barton, who has been called the Parson Houdini, and escapes from ropes and handcuffs in a fashion that baffles even friendly policemen.

The Rev. Oswald de Blouge "became a ventriloquist after three lessons" and "escaped from handcuffs, leg-irons, a collar, and tied in a sack, from a packing case fastened down with six-inch nails, all within two minutes."

He tuned-in to the B.B.C., and improvised his own musical scores by ear. He even conducts the dance band on occasions—and spends another part of his spare time in writing, not only sermons, but also comic opera.

Ron Garth

A NIGHT IN A WRENNERY

Described by SUSAN CHRISTIN, R.N., V.A.D.

WRENS working at the London Docks, Admiralty, Special Duties, and numerous other jobs, are mostly billeted in suburban "Wrenneries." Many of these Wrenneries have been converted from large houses. One, we know, used to be a police station. The "birds" have been replaced by Wrens, a prettier species!

I AM on night duty in one of the sick bays. In the evening the Wrens often come up for a cup of tea behind the door. It's then that the human element comes out, and one hears the special boy-friend's name and what he did or didn't do on their last date.

My first night patient is a girl with a headache; she seems distraught. The whole story comes out between gulps of tea. "My Mum's ill and there's no one to look after her," she says. I ask her why she doesn't apply for a compassionate draft. She says she will.

It has done her good to talk it over, and I make a mental note to see the M.O. about her in the morning.

Next, there are the girls in sick bay. In spite of being ill in bed, their gossiping becomes so loud that they have to be piped down. These girls look very attractive in gaily spotted pyjamas, or even more daring nightwear, for it's now that the more glamorous and feminine side of their natures, otherwise somewhat dampened by the austere uniforms, appears.

One girl is sitting up in bed knitting a navy pullover. She has long golden curls and a sweet face. It must be an outsize sailor she's knitting for. The thing certainly looks large enough to go round a capstan.

Suddenly a slim bare-footed Wren comes rushing in. "Nurse, will you come to Tania's cabin quickly!" she says. On reaching the scene I find Gladys and Mary having an honest-to-God fight.

Gladys, plus hair-curlers and "makeupless" face, is yelling and sloshing Mary, who is retaliating by trying to remove the other's curlers by some foul means.

On being separated they both dissolve into tears. "She started it by insulting George," "Well, she pinched my Fred's letter," Which Wren and which boy-friend really has been insulted it is impossible to tell at the moment. A good dose of the Navy's special black tonic will cure those frayed nerves!

On returning to the surgery, I find the kettle's boiled all over the deck. It always does. The night seems eternal, and I wonder why I ever became a nurse. In the midst of swabbing up, an extremely happy Wren pokes her head round the door. "Hello, nurse," she says. Rather different from the bedraggled, sad individual of last week when she had been in the "rattle."

She'd had a bad shock, something to do with her brother, a few weeks ago. It had made

her very bitter about life. Then she had been brought into sick bay. Last night I asked her to take my place as hostess at a nearby Navy club. Here was the same Wren, returned full of interest in life.

She had found something to interest her, helping to entertain the Navy on leave, and there was also an interest in a certain submarine sailor. She talked to me about him until it got quite late.

23.50 hours and all is quiet. I start cutting dressings for the next day. . . . I must have fallen asleep, and it would appear the linen cupboard has been converted into a maternity ward in the meantime.

The ship's cat has chosen this moment to produce five offspring! We already have half-a-dozen of her "efforts," which, following true Naval tradition, we cannot turn away. I give her some milk. All is quiet at last.

The alarm bell goes. It's six o'clock. Time to remove the black-out, and, while the sun still rises, my early morning chores begin.

They're worthy members of the Junior Branch of our Senior Service. In fact, it's a happy ship!

Food Crank

ROGER Crab, a Chesham (Bucks.) hatter, who lived in the seventeenth century, has some claim to the title "First of the Food Cranks."

Determined to follow out the instructions given to the rich young man in the Scriptures, he sold out his stock in trade, gave the money to the poor and went to live in a hut at Ickenham, where he existed on three farthings a week.

His diet consisted of bran, dock-leaves, mallows and grass.

"Instead of strong drinks and wines," he wrote. "I give the old man (his body) a cup of water; and instead of roast mutton and rabbit and other dainty dishes, I give him broth thickened with bran, and pudding made with bran and turnip leaves chopped together."

"The old man" rebelled against this severe treatment, but eventually Crab got him "to become more humble" and relish the grass and turnip leaves.

Crab served in the Parliamentary Army during the Civil War and was made of stern stuff.

Though cudgelled, put in the stocks, whipped and four times imprisoned for his fads, (they gave food reformers short shrift in those days) he stuck to his guns—or, rather, his grass.

D.N.K.B.

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. PIXIE AND HIS HOUSE.—Ever wished you could draw a pixie? Here's your chance! Diagram 1 is Peter Pixie's basic shape. Fig. 2 shows him complete in outline. Fig. 3 solid blacks filled in, pencil lines rubbed out and complete. Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 remember are drawn in pencil. The three heads below are to give you a change of Peter's hats. Peter's house is composed merely of a pyramid—or triangle—and a circle. Fig. 1 basic shape Fig. 2 doors, windows and chimney added. Fig. 3 smaller details added. Construction lines rubbed out and Peter's house completed.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

ONE of the ways, and perhaps the simplest, of keeping a collection up to date is to subscribe to a new issue service. If you are interested in one or more countries and mean to get all the stamps they issue, this method will save much trouble.

But often I get correspondence in which the writer says: "I don't like to take the risk of putting my name down on a dealer's new issue list in case I incur a greater outlay of money in the year than I can afford or wish to spend on the hobby."

What does it cost? The usual charge for this service is round about 2d. in the 1s. over face, or over cost when not readily obtainable at face.

The subscriber is required usually to maintain a credit balance, and to accept all stamps coming within the category for which he subscribes, that is, up to 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s., or without limit, as the case may be. The actual terms vary slightly with the different services.

As a guide to collectors, the "Philatelic Magazine" has compiled a record for the three years just ended of the cost of subscribing, up to £1, to one of these services for single mint copies of all the different services.

Empire stamps publicly issued for international use, and thus excluding Officials, Postage Dues, and Indian Native States. The figures are for January to December under each year:—

Year	Face or Cost.	Commission and Postage.
1942 ..	£23 13 2	£3 7 2
1943 ..	18 3 10	3 3 2
1944 ..	14 14 5	2 10 7
	£56 11 5	£9 0 11

The total cost of keeping our Reference collection up to date on the lines indicated (continues the journal) has therefore worked out in practice to £62 12s. 4d., of which the service charges have amounted to a trifle under 15 per cent.

The rest is covered by face value or cost, but the number of items not charged on a face basis has been practically negligible (i.e., Indian tête-bêche), so that the total percentage calculation is not appreciably affected. There have been no omissions.



It will be observed that the annual total face value of new stamps issued by the British Empire over the last three years has steadily diminished, and that the over-all cost has averaged rather less than £22 a year.

These figures are given in the hope that they will be some guide to readers. It would not be fair to name the particular service used in this case, for there is no reason to think that the leading services have differed in their deliveries, and the figures should afford an equal guide to all of them.

MIND, these are new issues. Anyone collecting all the "Reprints" and "Recent Printings" released by the Crown Agents during the past three years in London would have let themselves in for a sum of £82-odd, plus dealer's profits.

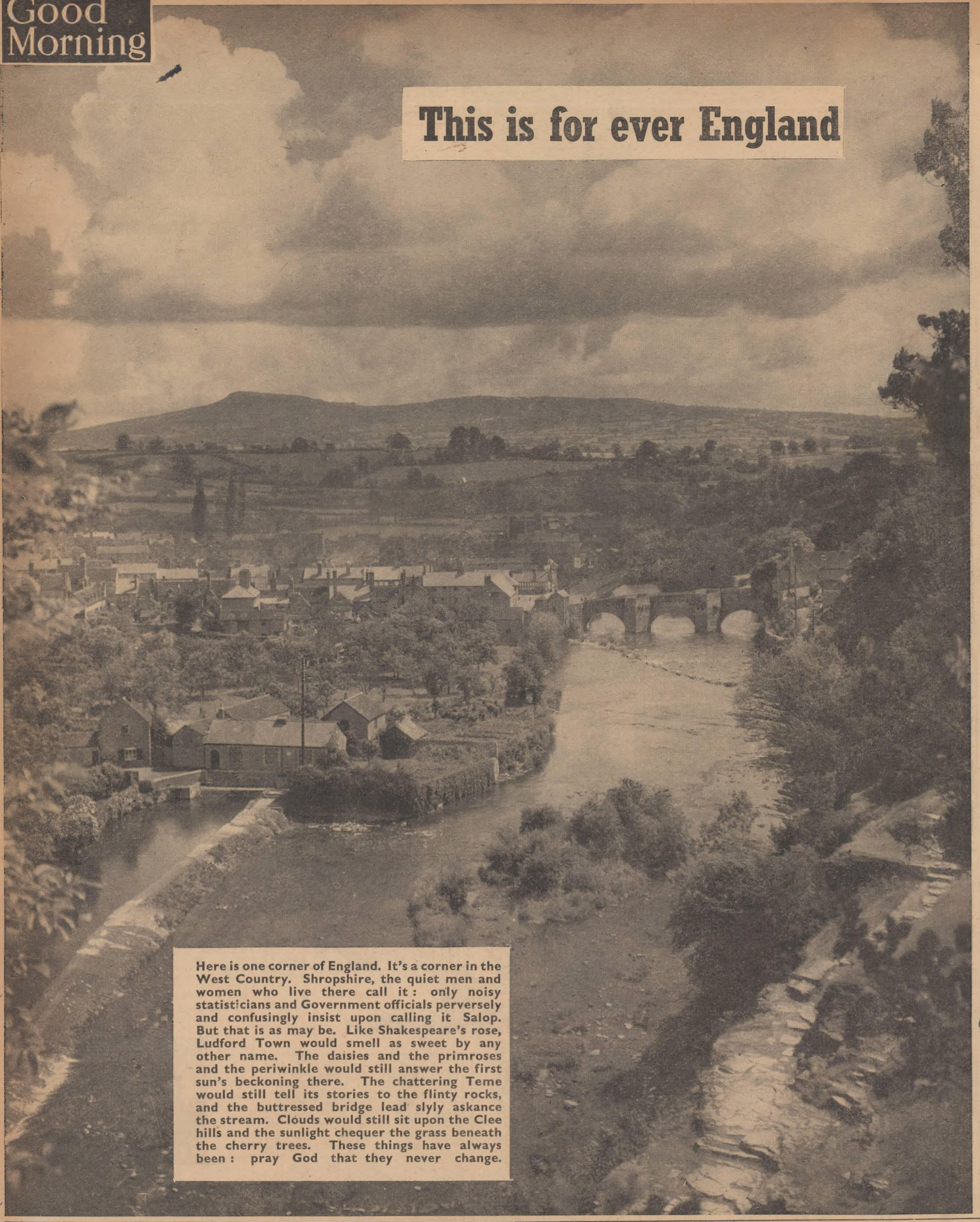
British Honduras cost £4 9s. 4d., Leeward Islands £5 2s. 4d., Northern Rhodesia £3 5s. 10d., and a number of other Colonies were over the £2 mark.



Illustrated here is a new Egyptian King Farouk design and value for postcards abroad; two Argentine commemoratives of the Fourth National Eucharistic Congress; and the Australian Duke and Duchess of Gloucester stamp (bigger than actual size).

Good
Morning

This is for ever England



Here is one corner of England. It's a corner in the West Country. Shropshire, the quiet men and women who live there call it: only noisy statisticians and Government officials perversely and confusingly insist upon calling it Salop. But that is as may be. Like Shakespeare's rose, Ludford Town would smell as sweet by any other name. The daisies and the primroses and the periwinkle would still answer the first sun's beckoning there. The chattering Teme would still tell its stories to the flinty rocks, and the buttressed bridge lead slyly askance the stream. Clouds would still sit upon the Clee hills and the sunlight chequer the grass beneath the cherry trees. These things have always been: pray God that they never change.